

Harrington defends Israel: retains third world stand

by Jeff Kessler
and Charlie Clark

Third world countries have only hurt themselves by their stance against Zionism, according to Michael Harrington, well-known American author, former president of the Socialist Party and now National Chairman of the Democratic Socialist Organizing Committee. Harrington spoke last night before a lively audience of 300 at Tifereth Beth David Jerusalem Synagogue in Côte St. Luc.

Stressing that Israel was the expression of a national liberation movement for Jews, Harrington said that despite the "obscene and absurd" UN resolution, North Americans should not forget their moral obligation to the third world, of which, he said, Israel is a part.

He added that "from the point of view of socialist theory, the notion that Israel is a tool of US imperialism is absolutely ludicrous." The interests of the capitalist investors such as the oil industry lie in the Arab countries, not in Israel.

Harrington, author of *The Other America and Socialism*, the "Bible for Western democratic socialists" maintained that the "present hypocrisy" of the third world does not remove our responsibility for the fact that six per cent of the world's population consumes 40 per cent of the world's resources and that the multinational corporations play a key role in producing this inequality.

He then went on to assert

that since the destruction of the Temple in Roman times until the formation of Israel, Jews had always had two of the characteristics needed to classify a group as a nationality—language and culture—all reinforced by outside anti-semitism. "Whether they liked it or not, there were tremendous influences making them a nation so that more than any other people, they had the right to self-determination."

"In fact," Harrington noted, "when the national question of Israel came before the UN after World War II, the USSR attacked the US for not being sufficiently pro-Zionist, and for not sufficiently helping out the victims of fascism."

According to Harrington, the immediate problem that developed in the Mid-East was an obvious one: there was another people who, while they did not have as long a history, had just as much right to assert their right to self-determination in precisely the same area.

"But what many people mistake here," said Harrington, "is that this is not the case of one national liberation movement fighting against an anti-national liberation movement but of two similar national movements fighting each other."

Harrington said that it was erroneous and dangerous to go along with the PLO's claim on a "democratic and secular Palestine" as if Israel is a religious state. "Israel is clearly a manifestation of Jewish secular nationality," he said. "There

are many non-religious Jews in Israel."

Harrington added in a later interview that the PLO's demand for a "secular state" is really a code word for what would be a "Palestinian Nationalist State where the Jews who weren't killed or pushed into the sea, would end up as second-class citizens."

However, Harrington stood strongly by his claim that the third world has a "moral claim on us" no matter how "outrageous" their demands. He said that in a world "where the United States uses more fertilizer for pleasure gardens than India uses for all its grain...and where a Latin American country exports extra produce for cat food instead of giving it to its own citizens," it was unfortunate and tragic that the third world countries were weakening their moral claim upon us through an "obscene charade."

"The power of the third world is not economic or military," he said. "It lies in the fact that lepers in Calcutta move us, and they will lose this impact with their attacks on Israel." Harrington believes that the Israelis, who "made a desert bloom," are capable of making a great contribution to third world development.

Concerning the charge that Israel is a pawn of US imperialism, Harrington said that Leninist theory held that imperialism indicated a highly developed capitalist society seeking 1) a source of investment, 2) a market, and 3)



Stephen Bragline

Michael Harrington, the most elegant U.S. spokesman for "democratic socialism," combined a plea for the Third World with a defense of Israel last night in the first in a series of lectures on the Middle East at the Tifereth Beth David Jerusalem synagogue.

raw materials in a third world country.

"Is the USA desperate to get investment in Israel?" asked Harrington. "Are GM, Ford, and IBM salivating at the mouth to capture that Israeli market? Are there enormous quantities of oil, copper, or agricultural products in Israel? Leninist theory just doesn't apply here," he added.

He also pointed out that President Harry Truman, the Pentagon, the State Department and big business were all opposed to the UN mandate while it was up to the trade unions, the liberals, progressives and an effectively organized Jewish community ultimately to win out. "It was one moment when we rose above our economic interests," he smirked.

Harrington concluded his

remarks with the assertion that Israel should negotiate with the PLO and that realistically. The best that people can expect, he said, is a truce that while fraught with danger, is the least dangerous alternative until time and politics can achieve a definite peace.

The audience seemed to agree in principle with Harrington, but questioners faulted him for being "idealistic" in believing that the demands of the Palestinians could be conceded to without threatening the total destruction of Israel. Apparently alluding to Palestinian guerrilla activities, one rabbi asked if the Palestinians' moral claim shouldn't be considered invalid since they "used the strip of land offered by Israel in 1948 as a springboard for its claim to the whole land."

Neglect of residents' needs charged

YWCA leases rooms to COJO for July

by Justin Loughry

Seven former employees of the YWCA last week charged that a housing contract signed last fall with COJO will deprive low income and disadvantaged women of their quarters at the YWCA Dorchester Street Residence during the Olympic games.

ERRATUM

The Daily wishes to apologize for any misunderstanding brought about as a result of an incorrectly worded headline in Tuesday's issue. The headline read "Georgian joins beer boycott, executives shuffle cards", inferring the staff of the *Georgian* had made a decision in participating in the boycott of Molson ads and products. The *Georgian* had not made such a decision, and pulled the ad in their Tuesday issue so as not to present a bias on the issue until they had undertaken further investigation.

Citing minutes from a Residence meeting last November, these seven ex-employees revealed that the YWCA has contracted with COJO for the use of 105 of its resident hall beds from July 14 to August 1. Further, it was made known that a significant amount of dormitory space, up to 100 beds, had been registered with Hebergement Quebec Olympique (Heque.) the Games housing authority also for the two-week period.

The former employees' statement to the press last week portrayed the Y's contract with COJO as the latest manifestation of a general failure to respond to the needs of low income and disadvantaged women.

They cited the re-direction of the Y's women's centre away from crisis intervention and advocacy counselling on behalf of poor women and toward enrichment programs for middle class women as additional evidence of what they consider misplaced priorities. The shuf-

fling of priorities at the women's centre plus the COJO contract led the former employees to demand a re-allocation of public aid funds from the Y and to programs which serve the needs of low income and crisis-afflicted women in the city.

By week's end, the public debate whether the COJO contract would displace low income women from their residences at the Y had mushroomed into an indictment of the YWCA for its failure to respond to the pressing needs of women in crisis.

Profiteering was the most serious charge levelled at the Y last week for its contract with the Olympic Committee. Former Y employees accused COJO of charging higher rates for the rooms than would normally have been paid by occupants. The Y's critics underscored the fact that the Y receives 25 per cent of its funding from Centraide, a public agency, and that displacing residence women to house COJO

personnel at higher rates was "irresponsible and unethical" conduct for an institution receiving public funds.

YWCA Executive Director Beatrice Seibold repudiated the "profiteering" charge, stating that "the price for Olympic visitors will be the regular transient rate of \$10 per night. The price won't go up for the Games."

The Y's contract with COJO is for 105 beds over 17 nights at a total cost of \$18,924. The nightly rate per room under the contract is in fact about \$10.

However, the "profiteering" accusation turns on the fact that the YWCA residence essentially serves two classes of customers, "transients" and "residents". While transients pay nightly rates of \$10, residents pay weekly rates of from \$23 to \$29.

The main concern of the Y's critics is that the contract with COJO will force the temporary displacement of poor and disadvantaged residents from

the Y's rooms. Alternatively, low income women that the Y might normally accept on a resident basis will find no rooms available during the Games. If such is the case, then rooms which would normally return \$23-\$29 to the Y's coffers will be earning \$70 per week for the two-week period of the Games.

The central question then becomes whether any resident women will be displaced due to the Y's leasing of 105 beds to COJO.

Administrative officials at the YWCA deny that any such substitution of one class of customer paying transient rates (COJO) for another class (residents) paying lower rates will result from contractual arrangements with COJO. Replying to the charge that low income residents will be forced out by the COJO contract, Ms. Seibold says "it's the most ridiculous thing I've ever heard."

continued on page 2

The YWCA and women's needs

continued from page 1

Nobody will be turned away and that's a fact!"

Notwithstanding such categorical assurances, a close analysis of the housing space available at the YWCA reveals the possibility of a "squeeze" on space available to resident women during the Olympic weeks.

According to Elizabeth Ross, Director of Residence at the YWCA, the maximum residence capacity of the Y is 191 beds. Ross estimates that approximately fifteen to twenty beds are tied up in a special experimental program and in emergency—contingency space. That leaves the Y with approximately 175 beds for normal residential use, 105 of which are committed to COJO for the last two weeks in July. Thus the Y will have 65-70 beds available for normal residential use during the Games.

In a telephone interview last Monday, Ms. Seibold said that past experience indicated that normally about 85 of the women in residence stay on during the summer. Similarly, the Daily has learned that in a report last week to its Board of Directors the Y Administration indicated that 89 resident women would likely be remaining for the summer.

The discrepancy between the 65-70 beds left available after the COJO contract and the 85-plus residents who, it is projected, will require accommodation during July seems to justify some of the concerns raised at last week's press conference that the Y neglects the needs of its resident women.

Ms. Seibold insists that there will be "no problem" this summer, and that the Y will conduct "business as usual." Said Ms. Seibold, "If anyone is in need, we will find them a bed, even if it has to be set up in my office."

To bolster their contention that resident women will not be displaced during the Games, organizers of last week's protest point to a questionnaire which had been circulated among residents by the Y's administration last January. According to Carol Wallace, one organizer of last week's press conference, the questionnaire asked residents to indicate whether:

- a) I will be leaving the residence before May 31;
- b) I will be leaving the residence before June 31;
- c) I could vacate July 1 thru August 1;
- d) It would be extremely inconvenient to vacate my room.

Wallace criticizes the questionnaire for not allowing residents the opportunity to indicate a refusal to vacate their rooms during July.

The questionnaire's purpose is a matter of ambiguity and some controversy. Officials at the Y explain that it was merely a device

to predict approximate numbers of residents which the YWCA would have to deal with this summer.

The January timing of the questionnaire indicates that it was not calculated to determine how many beds could be rented to COJO, as the signing of the Olympic contract is mentioned in the minutes of a November Residence committee meeting.

Wallace remarks that the questionnaire included a caveat which might partially explain why it was distributed. Accompanying the questionnaire was the notice, "this year, due to the Olympics, we must plan for the summer far in advance. For this reason, new residents who have come in since last November have been advised that they may be asked to leave temporarily by

repudiate charges that such dormitory space will infringe upon space available to resident women during the Olympics. Set apart from the 191 residence beds, dormitory space is customarily created out of Holden Fischer Recreation Hall, an old gymnasium within the Y building at Dorchester Street. There is space, according to Seibold, for about fifty beds in Holden Fischer—the remainder of the dormitory space coming "from classrooms" on upper floors of the building. The Y Administration stresses that there has been no contract signed with Heque, only a registering of available space with the agency.

Still, the Y's critics are concerned about the crowding of the facility and the diminishing

very young women. This population is in great need of support services... (but) at no time have they (the YWCA Administration) been willing to face up to the needs of the women staying in the residence."

Wallace and Merriel Fish, both former employees in the Y's Women's Centre, cite the priorities in the women's centre as an example of the organization's attitude toward crisis work with needy women. "Women most in need of help were never welcome while we were working—though we did help them on our own time." They and other former employees of the Women's Centre, such as Solange Vincent, denounce what they feel is the Centre's orientation toward middle-class, educated women. They

Y knows perfectly well that other agencies can't follow up—they work within parameters just as the Y does.

While I worked at the women's centre I tried to force other agencies to do better follow-up—with little success." Commenting on crisis situations involving resident women, Wallace added, "you need to be on the scene, as the women's centre is, to deal properly with problems."

Y officials stressed that they "do the best they can with the staff we have." But Wallace dismisses the argument that the Y doesn't have the staff to deal with crisis cases in the Centre. While she worked there during the past year, she explains, there were two half-time staff people and one full-time, "and we were able to do crisis work." According to Elizabeth Ross, there are now "three and three-quarter staff people running the centre."

"It's a bit silly to say they don't have the staff," remarks Wallace. "It's a question of their priorities, and crisis work is not one of their priorities."

Wallace also criticizes the Centre for its reluctance to organize politically around the problems that poor women face. "Whatever women were coming to us with as far as problems are concerned should be issues around which to organize—but organizing is also not one of the Y's priorities."

Wallace's and the other former employees' attack is aimed at persuading Centraide to consider re-allocating the funds it gives to the Y to other women's organizations and collectives who, they feel, demonstrate more concern for poor and crisis-afflicted women.

Officials at the Y contend that the Centre Aide money works to provide a range of services to a mix of middle class, working class and poor women. Also, they argue that almost all the residential rooms are subsidized to some extent, as the rate schedule does not cover the real cost of providing housing for the residents except in the case of a few of the largest rooms where rates are highest.

Despite the fact that some of the Centre Aide money flows to subsidize rooms for low income residents, the organizers of last week's press conference feel that the YWCA's neglect of the needs of poor and disadvantaged women are clearly demonstrated by the COJO contract and policy at the Women's Centre. On the basis of that contract and women's centre policy they are asking Centraide to re-allocate YWCA money to women's projects which "are serving and organizing around the real needs of Montreal women."

At present, Wallace and her colleagues are planning a meeting in the next several days with Centre Aide officials and with the YWCA administration to present their demands.

"The YWCA houses many ex-psychiatric patients, many immigrant women, some handicapped women, and many very young women. This population is in great need of support services...at no time have they [the YWCA Administration] been willing to face up to the needs of the women staying in residence"

—Press release, former YWCA employees

the end of May or June... In case it becomes necessary to ask anyone to leave, ample notice will be given."

Wallace and members of her group point out that the issuance of such a warning suggests that the YWCA Administration recognizes the possibility that some resident women will be displaced by the contract with COJO. When confronted by this suggestion, Ms. Seibold re-affirmed her conviction that no one would be put out. "As far as the girls who normally live here, heavens no!" said the Director. "The most we will do is ask girls to change rooms during that period, because of the presence of males in the COJO group and the nature of bathroom facilities and so forth." "Of course," she concludes, "to anyone that comes in from now on, we can't give the same promise."

The issue of the Y's dealings with Heque, (Hebergement Quebec Olympique) has also entered the debate about space available at the YWCA this summer. Apparently the Y has registered 100 dormitory spaces with Heque, as available during the Olympics. Seibold and Ross, the Director of Residence,

level of services available to resident women which they fear the provision of 100 dormitory beds might cause.

Seibold attributes recent criticism of the YWCA to fundamental disagreements between the Y and "members of the community" concerning the nature of services and the type of clientele the organization should serve. Referring to the organizers of last week's press conference, she said "this group in the community is strongly oriented to complete emphasis on crisis intervention work. This is where we disagree."

Indeed, the basis of the former employees' attack on the Y last week was their conviction that the Y inadequately addresses the needs of low income women and women in crisis situations.

Wallace and her colleagues feel that the greatest needs and therefore the primary responsibilities of service organizations such as the YWCA lie in helping women in economic, psychological, emotional or social crisis. In their statement to the press last week they related that "the YWCA residence houses many ex-psychiatric patients, many immigrant women, some handicapped women, and many

claim in a statement last Tuesday that though the Y has not stated its policy openly, "it has been said clearly to women's centre staff that poor women and women in crisis are to be referred to some other agency."

Because a substantial number of the women in residence are, according to Wallace, "low income women or women in crisis," such an attitude on the part of administrators manifests itself in a lack of use of the centre by residence women. "The women in residence...are not encouraged to use the women's centre," said their statement last week.

When asked if the Y's women's centre serves the resident women, Ms. Seibold replied "sometimes." She continued, "the Y is serving all segments of the community as much as possible. Director of Residence Ms. Ross indicated that the centre 'serves a lot of people off the streets' and does 'a lot of referrals to other agencies.'"

In general, Ms. Seibold commented that "when an agency makes a referral (to the Y) they have to assume the responsibility for follow-up services."

Ms. Wallace counters that "the

Koriolane: behind the scenes

At a University where academia is stressed in course offerings, a handful of students have taken advantage of a way to gain practical experience in a creative field: theatre.

While fellow students have been hitting the books, they have been hitting hammers against nails (and an occasional thumb), sticking their fingers in glue and plaster, climbing ladders to attach lighting fixtures. Just plain enjoying the smell of fresh-cut wood in order to get ready for the English Department's production of Bertolt Brecht's *Koriolane*.

The course behind all this is called *Modern Theatre Practice* [110-266D], and is an introduction to the technical and practical aspects of drama production. During the first term, students spend a comfortable, informal class-time learning how to "draft" a set; how to put staircases, platforms and flats on paper. This year's class gained a little extra practical experience by putting together their own drafting boards.

During second term, the students form crews to build and erect the set, create the props, and design and hang lights.

If academia is the pattern at McGill, and if it is primarily a Science and Engineering school, then what kind of students take the course and why?

Peter Bartholomew, an English Literature major at McGill, took the course last year because he was interested in welding and carpentry. "It generated an interest in an area I had no previous experience in," he says. This year, Bartholomew is Head Carpenter. "It's fun for me, and I enjoy working with the people," he added.

Bartholomew doesn't plan to make a profession out of stage carpentry, but loves it as a hobby.

Valerie Quigley, a third-year English major at McGill, took the course last year because she was tired of academics and was looking for a practical course. Now she is head of Special Props Crew, and says

the reward in a course like this is seeing the things you do with your hands work. The Prop Crew has been involved in making armour, tools, and weapons made out of either plastic or fibreglass, and using molding techniques or vacuum molding.

For Quigley, the class has been an incredible experience, and she plans to pursue theatre as a career because of it. "It's my first priority," she says, "and I'm spending about 60 hours a week in the theatre." But that's not the hard part for her: the hardest thing is "not being able to understand how everyone can't love being here that much."

The course was originated at McGill seven-and-a-half years ago by Dan Hoffman. In that time, only four students out of 200 have gone into Technical Drama Production after graduation, perhaps because McGill is not the place to study theatre for a career.

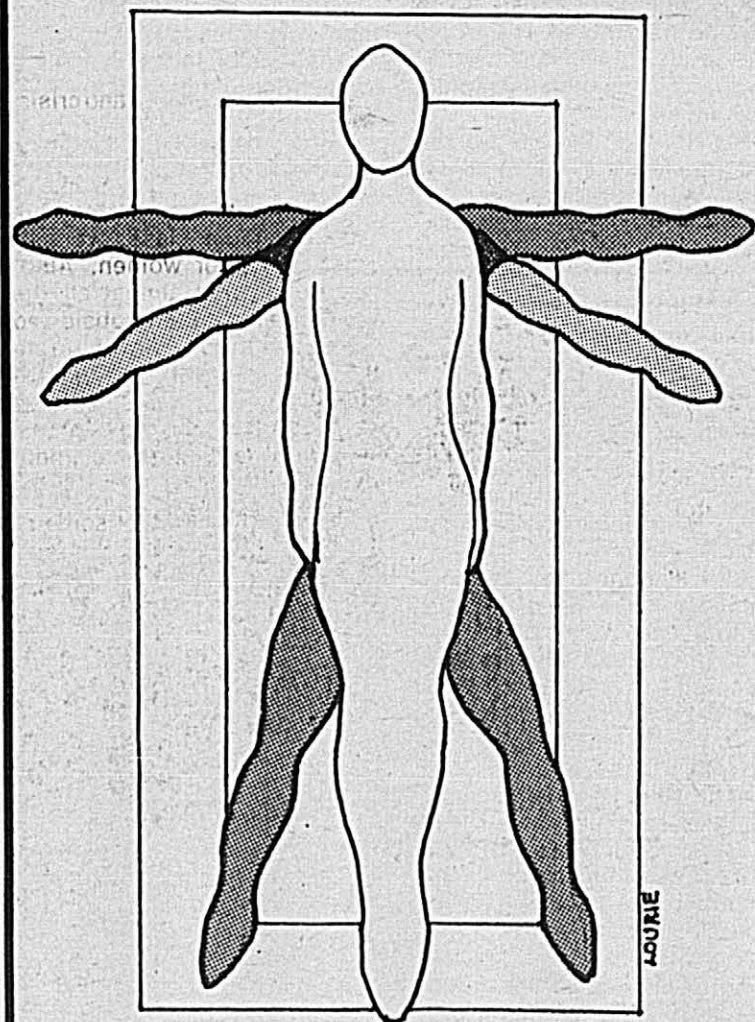
"It's impossible to train

continued on page four



Stephen Braginetz

A student working on the set for the English Department's production of Brecht's *Koriolane*.



LOURIE

Dance without credit

Modern dance at McGill is still in its frustrating early stages. Although two or three dance courses are offered each term, McGill lags behind Loyola, York, Waterloo and many American universities.

Joanna Farmer teaches modern dance to beginners and more advanced students at McGill's Currie Gym. Attendance is voluntary and no credit is given. Farmer feels more could be achieved in dance at McGill, however, if it were taught on a credit basis as it is at Loyola.

In a credit course registration is controlled; prerequisites can be established. Those who enroll stay for the term because they are working for a mark. Unfortunately, the only goal Farmer can offer to her classes is a performance at the end of the term.

"The first few weeks of the current programme were a hodge-podge. Half the people registered in the course didn't show up. Forty-five others drifted into the studio, 'just looking'. They'd drop out when their friend didn't show up or when they discovered I didn't teach the rumba or the

Cha-cha-cha," said Farmer.

Like many modern dancers, Farmer first became interested in dance at university. She got her degree in physical education at Waterloo, majoring in dance. "A modern dancer can be made in four years, unlike a ballet dancer who requires years of intensive training. Ballet technique can hinder a dancer, in that you can get into such a schooled way of moving that it becomes impossible to work any other way," said Farmer.

Farmer studied under Judy Jarvis at Waterloo and incorporates the Jarvis method of improvisation around themes or music into her own classes. She calls her teaching an integration of all she has learned: improvisation, developmental dance or working through studies of problems.

Although there is no credit dance course at McGill, enthusiastic dance students can pay two dollars for membership in the Dance Club. The two dollar fee contributes to a fund for buying records and gives the members some sense of commitment to turn out for Saturday rehearsals.

Right now, Dance Club members are choreographing seven dances to be presented around the middle of March. Farmer acts only as an advisor on choreography.

After leaving Waterloo, Farmer danced professionally, but found it unsatisfying. "There was no chance for improvisation, no chance for me to choreograph. People didn't seem to be very interested in other art forms and how they applied."

Because of this, she came back to the universities to teach and choreograph. "I like working with intelligent people, people who are interested in other things that they bring with them into the dance."

Farmer says there is a lack of communication among the various teachers of dance on campus. In spite of this, she hopes to combine with the other teachers in the production of an evening of dance at the end of March. If this happens, it may be the first step to a stronger dance presence at McGill.

—Nancy Gall

The honesty of performance

Canadian cellist Gisela Depkat will be the second artist to perform in the new spring series at the Centaur, *Vive La Musique!* As a soloist Depkat has represented Canada all over the world in competition. Among the awards she has

received is Diploma Winner of the International Tchaikovsky Competition in Moscow. She likens this to the Olympics in terms of the amount of preparation and demand for perfection.



Gisela Depkat is a Canadian cellist who will be performing in a solo concert at the Centaur.

Depkat will give a master class in cello for all serious and interested students on March 6 in conjunction with the Centaur series. The class will be held at Concordia University but is not limited to Concordia students. For additional information call Marcia Loynd, 879-8405. Depkat's concert will be at the Centaur on March 7 at 3 pm.

Weekly: Is competition the only way musicians gain recognition particularly if they are soloists?

Depkat: The other alternative is to work your way through orchestras. However, I prefer to do solo work because it is what I feel I am best at. The bigger the group the less you can hear yourself. I think I am most creative when I am alone.

I used to be part of a string quartet and we'd practice every morning from nine to one. The personal aspects of a group really affect the individual members. If one person is temperamental then the entire group must deal with it. Most musicians don't even speak to each other. They don't go to the same parties. They don't have the same friends. It is virtually impossible.

This stems from the fact that you have to spend a lot of time by yourself in a room and when you do it so much you just don't want to talk music. Where I teach (Sir Wilfrid Laurier University in Waterloo) the discussion between faculty members tends to be about the college, not about music. **Weekly:** It is possible to participate in academics while developing a career as a musician?

Depkat: That is a very big question. For school you are really loaded down with academics and must also spend a lot of time practicing. You must be super active to

maintain a high level of achievement in both. Usually in every university or conservatory practice rooms are few. You have to come at the crack of dawn to find the room and time to practice.

Weekly: How many hours do you spend practicing each day?

Depkat: I spend ten hours behind the cello a day. Nothing can take the place of practice. There is no way around it because of the honesty of performance.

I started studying the cello at the age of seven. I loved to practice. In fact, instead of allowing me to watch TV my parents would let me stay up late to practice, as a treat.

Weekly: How do you ever have time for teaching and do you like to teach?

Depkat: Yes, I enjoy teaching because I think I can usually bring things out of the cello that make studying it very interesting and less tedious.

One of the things I do notice, however, about students these days is that they are not sure of the future. They are afraid to make a commitment because they are afraid that they won't be able to make a choice. Of course there is always that risk that you won't make it. But after you've spent that much time with it you stop thinking about making it.

Weekly: How do you feel about Canada's attitude towards musicians?

Depkat: It has changed a great deal. Canada is in a good growing situation, but it takes time to grow. Canada is just a new country compared to European countries. In Europe everybody plays an instrument. They can't imagine anyone not doing it.

In North America people regard classical concerts as penance. They have preconceived ideas about what music is. They are afraid to admit that

they don't know anything about it. But everyone can enjoy it on their own.

Weekly: What is your opinion of contemporary music?

Depkat: Some of it I find fascinating. For cello very little has been written.

I don't think you should listen to it with the same ear that you do for classical music. Contemporary music demands that you work through the imagination. When I hear modern music I can see vivid images. When I'm in high mountains like the Alps I hear things in my ear, high frequencies of sound that are just the same as those that are in contemporary music.

Weekly: Does the Canadian Government offer financial help to musicians?

Depkat: The Canadian Council has done a lot here, but they are not too familiar with music. When I wanted to go to the International Tchaikovsky Competition in Moscow I was studying at the Oberlin Conservatory in Ohio and I could not receive financial aid from the U.S. because I was representing Canada. So I applied to the Council and they didn't know what the Tchaikovsky Competition was. Everyone in music knows about it.

The Tchaikovsky Competition happens every four years for the cello. The requirements are very strict. Preparing for it is like heading for the worst exam of your life. In the same week you must play three concertos, two sonatas and etudes. It is exactly like the Olympics.

When you are in a school you have a chance to compete internationally. In the Moscow competition there are 43 cellists from 38 countries so you can hear the different techniques and study them. It is very good for your perspective as an artist.

—Sasha Cunningham

Koriorlane...

continued from page three

anyone in technical production with one class," Hoffman says, "you have to work at it all the time. What you learn is what you pick up on your own."

While Hoffman was working for a B.F.A. in Drama, Stage Design, and Technical Production at Carnegie Institute of Technology, he was always gaining practical experience, too. He managed to earn about \$4,000 a year while in school by working for theatres in Pittsburgh.

"A technician is always working—you work more than you go to school," he said.

Quigley feels McGill has the potential for being a good Drama school because it has the staff, but that not enough money is allocated to the department.

"McGill is trying to make the drama programme very academic, and it can't be, it has to be practical, you have to use your hands," she added.

Another reason why McGill is not the best of universities to study drama may be because there is not a lot of theatre in Montreal where one can practice. Hoffman points out that the states have a large regional repertory theatre, while Canada does not. There just isn't as much work here.

"I used to think professional theatre was the greatest," says Hoffman, "now I realize it doesn't reach out to all people, it reaches out to the people with money in order to get support." He feels the US and Canada are alike in that way.

Hoffman's students enjoy a deviation from the usual lecture format that classes take on at McGill. Instead, if they listen closely to the stories their prof may casually drop

while he's showing one of them how to change the blade in a saw, or cut through a piece of plywood with a circular saw, they'll learn something about what it's like to be a Stage Designer.

"When designing a set," says Hoffman, "you have to experiment around—read the script over and over—make sketches of the space required for each scene—decide what kind of a space you want—where the people will look best at different positions."

One of his stories that proves what he means when he says you have to experiment around, goes something like this as recalled by one of his students: "He was telling us about all the time he had spent sitting at the drawing board, diligently sketching idea after idea for Koriorlane's set, when he gave up to watch a football game on TV. But during commercials, he scribbled on a scrap piece of

paper, and suddenly realized he had come up with the right one—the right set for Koriorlane!"

Hoffman feels stage design is an intellectual process up to a point, and then it's what feels good and looks good—it's creative feel.

It's a 24-hour-a-day job for a designer when he or she is getting ready for a production. "You're only off when you're sleeping," says Hoffman, "and then 99% of us dream about ways to rebuild the set."

What's the reward? "To see something you designed take place," he says. "At least you don't have to look at it for very long—not like an architect who has to look at what he built every day for the rest of his life."

Koriorlane will be presented March 10-13 in Moyse Hall, Arts Building. Admission is free.

—Rhonda Adamo



Stephen Braginetz

HARLEQUIN



The band spilled off the stage and onto the floor and the audience overflowed into the kitchen, but *Harlequin* and the people who heard them at the Yellow Door Saturday night got along together pretty well anyway. *Harlequin* is a violin, a couple of acoustic guitars and some mellow voices that work together to produce down-home country music in the middle of the cold and cynical city.

After listening to them twice, even three times in some cases (through the miracle of modern technology known as magnetic reel-to-reel) the songs I heard last weekend are running through my head, as pleasant melodies are sometimes wont to do.

As far as I was concerned Saturday night, however, I was alone in the room with one hell of a violin. The man behind the music that so swept me is Joel Zifkin. His playing introduced the song, and danced a counterpoint to the harmonies of the vocalists (more on them later.)

Zifkin's virtuosity and range were very much in evidence Saturday night. For instance, the skillful violinist has at his command a technique of playing which produces thin, eerie tones, known as harmonics. Zifkin's use of harmonics, sweet and delicate, were a lace hem to the gingham skirt that is country music.

The lead singer is a young woman by the name of Clela Errington. Her voice is nice to listen to. She hit every note on key, even some rather difficult jumps into the upper registers of her voice. This surprised me, inasmuch as her voice

seemed largely untrained. Errington held her notes steadily, but without the touch of vibrato that adds auditory interest to music.

Steven Klingaman (and I hope the fellows down in typesetting don't butcher your name this time) played lead guitar and generally sang second vocal. He has a fine, clean tenor that harmonized well with Errington. Neither of the lead vocalists, unfortunately, really sang from the diaphragm but rather from the throat, robbing some power from their deliveries.

Harlequin writes most of its (their?) own music, and the spectrum of styles is broad enough to keep from becoming tedious. Some, like the song *Oil Your Elbows*, is simply a diverting melody, Virginia Reel stuff. Some is more in the genre of folk music, a more multi-layered type of music. Unfortunately, the words of almost all of the songs escaped me, even after two hearings.

They also did a "Harlequinized" (their word) version of the song *Moon Dance*. Errington's range was more limited than Van Morrison's version, but Zifkin again used the violin to enlarge and enhance their arrangement.

The addition of an electric guitar for the second set lent a little flash to the performance. More of a "pop" style was evident in these numbers. They also got into a little rock-and-roll towards the end of the night.

The voices, the guitar and the (ahh...) violin worked to complement each other and ultimately blend into a smooth, appetizing sound that was easy and enjoyable to listen to.

—Kathryn Gradner

Visconti's Conversation

Optimistic? Realistic? Humanistic? Luchino Visconti's most recent film, *Conversation Piece*, cannot be summarized by these or any other "-istics." The film itself is so complete a work of art that these tags would only splinter its beauty.

Bianca Bramante, a wealthy Italian capitalist, rents a reclusive professor's second floor apartment in Rome for her German radical paid lover, her adolescent daughter, and her daughter's American "fiance". ("Not engaged really," says the daughter to the professor. "We're just trying it out.") There is an inevitable clash of living habits as the Professor's (Burt Lancaster) study and work on eighteenth century paintings is incessantly interrupted by workmen noisily repairing the apartment, the tenants borrowing his telephone and his maid asking for sandwiches. To the professor, they are "rude, stupid, useless" people.

But the professor discovers an artistic and ideological soulmate in Conrad, the German lover (Helmut Berger). They admire the same paintings and music, and share a similar political philosophy. The professor dropped out of the science profession because he refused to participate in the misuse of knowledge and technology. He isolates himself from people and

concentrates on art. He explains, "When you live with people, you are forced to think of people, and not their works."

After an intense involvement with the 1968 student political movement, Conrad has learned cynicism. He lives off Bianca's money but he does not rely upon her.

Bianca's daughter is hardly devoid of knowledge and yet she can feel a concern for humanity in general, and for



Luchino Visconti

her mother and Conrad. She is a melange of innocence, sensuality, and corny flower-childness. She quotes Auden and sincerely equates sexual freedom with an expanded opportunity for her to give. She is boppy, but only superficially shallow. It is she who teaches the Professor that he can learn from people and not just their creations.

Stephano is the superb typecasting of a vapid actor as a vapid character. If there were more roles like this, the "bad actor" would become extinct. Stephano went to Ithaca College and is a child of the '70's, a Bowie baby, posing not even as a radical, but just posing, his omnipresent scarf flung carefully and defiantly about his neck. He assumes a sarcastic attitude towards everything and deems that "everything is bullshit." He is petty, envious, and politically concerned only insofar that his father's striking workers upset him.

The Professor and Conrad come to love one another as father and son, and the family becomes dearer to the old man. But the political divergences in this menage cannot remain merely the brunt of Stephano's sarcasm. At a sumptuous but tense dinner, Bianca recounts her husband's hasty departure from Rome for Spain. "The shooting season's begun there." Only Conrad realizes what type of shooting it is—with revolutionaries as the targets.

A heated discussion ensues with the professor calmly defending the capitalists of his generation. "They tried to strike a balance between

Continued on page nine

"A pox on Columbus"



"Some (directors) are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em." Thus it is with Joan Michlin Silver, whose *Hester Street* opens this week at the Cinema Cote des Neiges.

Silver, who, like Mel Brooks, began directing "in self-defense", has created a rich, rare thing: a low-budget ethnic period film with taste.

I must confess that I was predisposed to like the film from the start. It does not feature a guilt-ravaged inventor-father medical student-brother, genteel financier, nor a kindly rabbinical deus-ex-machina, not yet a Hassidic Huckleberry Finn. It does contain, however, intelligent performances of great charm and subtlety on the parts of all concerned.

Rarely have I seen acting of such uniformly excellent call-

bre. Carol Kane, as the bewildered greenhorn wife of an aggressively assimilating immigrant, renders Gitt's introduction to America a thing of nuanced grace and poignancy. She is nicely balanced by Steven Keats's earthy Jake, who is as raw and feisty as the Lower East Side itself.

I was especially delighted by Mel Howard's compassionate portrayal of Berstein, the shy, embittered scholar-boarder. Howard is not a professional actor at all, but a teacher.

In sum—I recommend *Hester Street*, but not without a slight warning; it is not a 20th century film. Its characters are entirely unburdened by modern cinematic neuroses; there are no skeletons produced. We are given only the thematic philosophy that "if you want to be American you gotta hurt." Well—we knew that, didn't we?

A. Dewey

The Weekly



In memory of Art Tatum

Dear Mr. Jarrett,

Well a poor misguided friend came and gave me your much talked about Solo Concerts triple album that lists at a whopping \$19.98. I was fascinated by your little letter in the twelve-page booklet that was included. Having spent one evening at In Concert watching and listening, and having gotten first and second-hand accounts of your Université de Montréal debacle, I was curious.

You start out quite modestly, in spite of the thirteen pictures of you that cover a large part of the twelve pages, and going on to call yourself a

competitor of Bach's. Come, come, be real. Your solo stuff is nice "easy listening" and sometimes even interesting but Bach? As far as your lines about being the medium between the Creator and me, forget it. If you say at the beginning of the note that you want to amplify the meaning of the music, don't then blame it on someone else.

There were two other things of interest in your comments. One confused me. You say that in playing with a group, your responsibility is to the group and no longer to the audience. That goes far in explaining why I didn't enjoy your performance at In Concert. Combined with the distinct impression I got that you weren't "having communion" (your term) with the rest of the group, in fact most of the time I neither saw nor heard any reason for all of you being on the same stage at the same time, your view that the audience was further removed becomes an explanation. When I go to a concert, I go to listen, but primarily I go to watch. I go to see the communion on stage and participate in it. I go to watch the musicians react to each other's licks and changes. I go to vicariously participate in the exchanged glances, smiles, and frowns that are part of the performance. I can hear the music better on my system at home than in any live situation.

The other point that fascinates me is that you're "...carrying on an anti-electric-music crusade..." Electricity goes through all of us, and is not relegated to wires. As to the first part, I'm glad you don't play a Fender Rhodes, but to deny electronic instruments is foolish. You are after all denying Wes

Montgomery and the guitarists that are developing a new instrument. Also—and this ties in with the idea of electricity in wires—you forget that the point is to be heard as well. Your solo concerts could not be heard, either in the concert hall (even superb acoustics would not carry some of the lovely intricacies of your performance) or onto the record to my living room without that electricity in wires. What happened at Université de Montréal seems a good example of what your view of electricity leads to. The microphones must be considered as part of your instrument if you're going to play accompanied, or in large auditoria with poor acoustics. Your soundman is part of the group and the performance if you have enough respect for your audience to try and ensure that you can play for and to and with them. And that's what it's all about isn't it? Why didn't you run a solid sound check? If the soundman was a fuckup why didn't you do something about it? I'm sure that by now you can tell after a check whether the guy knows what's going on or not. And surely by now you know enough about the acoustics of halls to know the problems inherent in playing them. What happened?

Electricity does go through all of us. It certainly is part of you. It certainly is part of making you one of the finest piano players around. But there are some very basic problems between your view and mine. Music, and especially jazz, is a shared experience between performer and audience, made possible by a composer. Our views mean that we don't share that experience. And I'm sorry for that. —Harley Quinade
P.S. Sorry for the late arrival of this note.

Northern Lights, Southern Cross

I'm listening to the new Band album [Northern Lights, Southern Cross, Capitol Records, ST-1440] Why? Well, went down to A&A (of course) and there being no new Dylan left, I decided to get something better. Almost. Certainly more musical. Infinitely more Canadian.

In the last six albums or so, they've proven themselves as first and foremost a collective entity, the tightest band in music (except for the Modern Jazz Quartet, and they just broke up.) Five fine musicians, no weak links, no one to live up to, charting (sorry about that) their own course. They've got roots, to be sure. They go from rock'n'roll to dixieland. They end up only as The Band.

In case there's any confusion, they are: Levon Helm (drums) and Richard Manuel (drums and piano), the sweetest voices this side of Roy Acuff. Rich Danko (bass) whose playing ties it all together and whose singing makes for incredible harmonies. Then there's Garth Hudson, the mad organ player of all times, who also plays everything from piccolo to saxes, and above all is the only person alive who can make the accordion a musical instrument. He's the man who manages to find and fill any and all available holes the other

four leave. Then there's Montreal's J. Robbie Robertson, who accounts for all those high points of guitar playing. He also happens to be the one who (mostly solo, but at least co-) writes 90 percent of their material. Net result? Dynamite.

Oh, this kid Dylan used to play with them.

And while I was down at the store, one of those nice A&A sales folks talked me into another bit of Canadiana—Bruce Cockburn. [Joy Will Find a Way—Columbia Records TN-23]. Canadian it certainly is. True north is the Toronto folkie label. Everyone involved to graphics (I think) to "direction" is at least adopted Canadian. But don't assume that it's bad because of that.

The album is really Cockburn alone. As a friend said, just looking at the cover, "It reeks of mellowness." Well, there's nothing wrong with that. It's just a specialization. Cockburn plays the guitar the way all folkies would like to, but can't. He writes music and lyrics ditto, (although he tries to be a bit relevant). It's not gonna knock you on your ass, but it's in a dead heat with his Salt, Sun & Sea [Columbia TN-16] as the epitome of what to play at four am after various exertions. What more could you ask?

—Harley Quinade



The record scene and h

With the numerous biggies getting all the attention with their recent releases, such as 10 C.C.'s "How Dare You" album, it's time to take a look at those struggling on the horizon trying to make something out of their music.

It seems that every ten years or so there is someone that rises above the other rockers of the era. In the 50's there was Elvis. In the 60's there was the Beatles. Now we have just passed the half-way mark of the 70's and haven't found anyone to lead us from the stale rut that rock has been caught up in for the past five years.

Elton John came very close to filling in the shoes that have been vacant for so long. His first few albums showed promise. Shortly after the release of his first album, however, he stated in Rolling Stone Magazine that due to the short lifespan of the rock musician's popularity, he intended to make as much money as he could while he was up there. Capitalizing on a formula that appealed to young teeny-boppers, he set out to become the highest paid musician in history. At the same time he forfeited his crown.

Crack the Sky
Crack the Sky
Lifesong LS6000

Since Elton John many other artists have tried and failed. The most recent attempt is Crack the Sky with their debut album of the same name. They are the first band in a long time to do anything intelligent with their music but not throw away a vast commercial appeal. This is the substance the Beatles were made of. Like the Beatles this band has come up with intelligent lyrics, stimulating music both emotionally and technically, and has a punctuated rhythm that one can dance to (if you are in to that sort of

Nightcrawlers: a different kind of bookworm

Night school is a term that conjures up many images, but the primary one in many people's minds is that of the Horatio Alger figure struggling to get an education in order to "make good." For the 12,000 plus students who stream into McGill classrooms four nights a week, this may sometimes be the case, although on a somewhat less grandiose level.

Through its Centre for Continuing Education, McGill has a night school population which is two-thirds the size of its day division. Such a substantial figure merits attention, not merely for size but because of what it represents to a university that has been the bastion of the full-time degree programme.

The centre provides a multi-faceted programme with appeal to the legal secretary who wants to polish her skills in special courses, to the part time MBA student, to the dilettante who has always wanted to study Renaissance art. This description encompasses a little more than the above-mentioned Horatio Alger figure, and a cursory perusal of the centre's handbook indicates that there is a great deal more to continuing education (the new term for night school) than merely "making good."

The students have in common a certain quality of enthusiasm and maturity often lacking in the day students. Professor J. Allstair Duff, Director of the Centre, as well as, ~~partly~~, Professor of Accounting, emphasized this very noticeable difference between his day classes and

evening classes. The day students often regard the course as a necessary evil to be endured in order to graduate whereas his evening students are alert and eager to make contributions.

What does the existence of this centre mean for the average student in the day faculty? It means that McGill, through government encouragement, has come to recognize the need for life-long education and that a substantial portion of the population want and need more comprehensive educational facilities and a more imaginative approach to education.

McGill will probably never approach the degree of integration in its day-evening programme that Concordia has achieved where day and evening courses are virtually interchangeable. For the full-time student at McGill, it is possible to take some courses in the evening but there are technical problems to be dealt with.

Continuing education is no longer the preserve of the poor but ambitious or of the bored housewife. It is a form of education that is readily available, inexpensive and, possibly, even interesting.

People can no longer afford

to think of an education as terminating at the Convocation. In this day of future shock, our education is more likely outmoded, obsolescent or simply inadequate for the lives we will have to live, after we finally achieve that much coveted degree.

Many of us will no doubt find ourselves back at McGill after graduation. We won't be back for sentimental reasons. We'll be returning in order to acquire skills necessary for economic survival or perhaps merely for interest and personal enrichment.

This latter aspect was the reason given by one business-

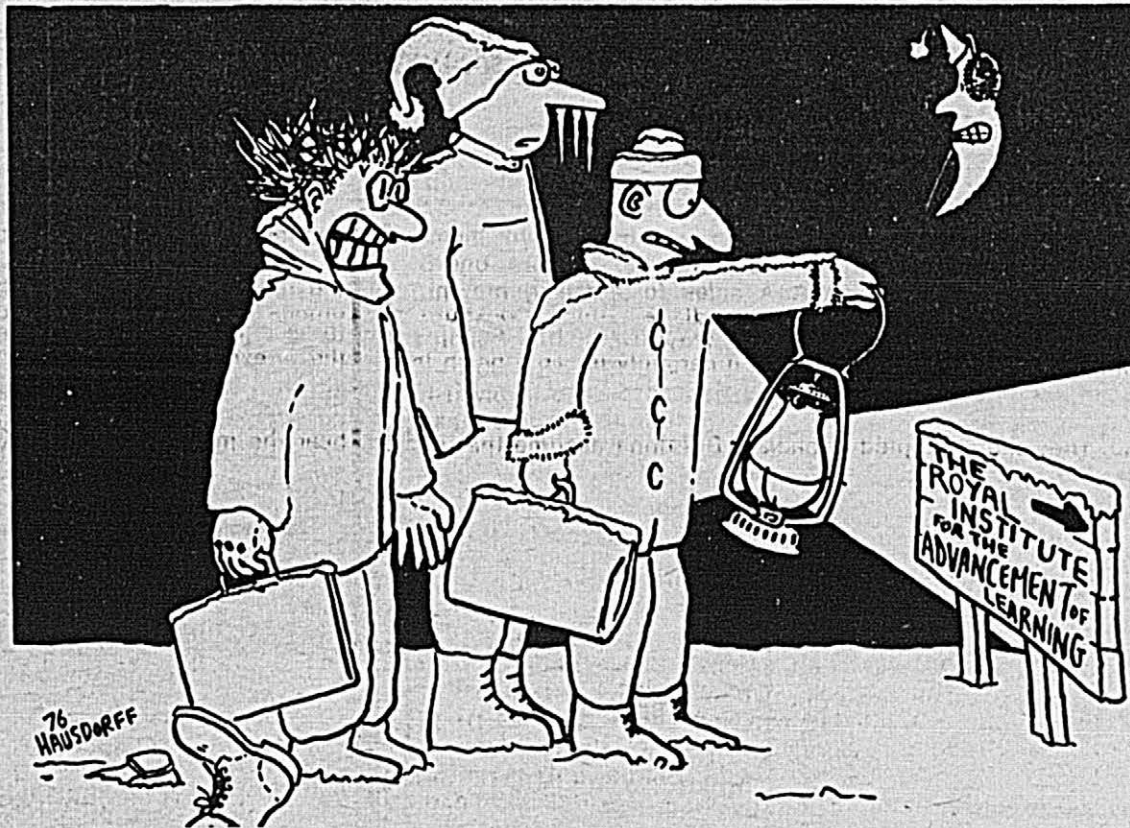
man and part-time professor with whom I talked who had decided to come to McGill to take a course in art. He had always wanted to study it but professional commitments at another university had prevented him from doing so until this year. The reason he opted for McGill was because its centre offered the least amount of red tape. This was an astounding revelation after the horror stories that are recounted about Dawson Hall.

When Duff was questioned about McGill's position in the community and how it served the needs of that community, he readily admitted, "McGill is a traditional university; there is no question that we are going to have to change. It's going on all around us." McGill is now offering alternatives to people who cannot or do not want to pursue an education in the traditional manner.

Duff maintained that Concordia and McGill are not in competition for students. Concordia has been in the continuing education field for many more years and offers an enormous variety of courses. McGill is striving to answer certain more defined needs in society within a much narrower spectrum.

Duff sees the centre as a link between the business community of Montreal and the university and is very happy with the centre's location on Sherbrooke and McGill College opposite Roddick Gates. He sees this location as a midway point between the many office workers in the downtown area and the university.

—Corinne Sutherland



heard

thing), without the synthetic sterility of the disco formula that is plaguing the land.

Lead vocalist John Palumbo, who also plays keyboards and guitars, is doubtless the catalyst in the band's success, having written all the music. His writing, combined with perhaps some of the best producers in the business (Terence Minogue, William Kirkland, and Marty Nelson who recently opened up their label: "Lifesong"), have been able to exploit each band member's talent to its fullest potential. None of the individual musicians is distinguished on their specific

instruments but play as proficiently and tastefully as one would expect to see for this music.

Their music draws many influences from all ends of the rock spectrum: from Hendrix to Steely Dan to the Beatles. Yet the music is original. The songs for the most part deal with cynical reflections of our society. "She's a Dancer" is the story of a guy's experience with a transvestite. "Robots for Ronnie" is a satirical description of being alone and rejected in the world. "Hold On" rocks about a potential suicidal maniac discussing his state of being with a mirror.

An important factor with regards to Crack the Sky's appeal is their honesty. The band has been playing together since they were kids in a small town in West Virginia. It was leader John Palumbo and

guitarist Rick Witkowski who made the trek to New York, the mecca of music, to finally land a recording contract. On stage they come across with a definite eagerness to please. No stage gimmicks detract from the music.

Crack the Sky has shown that they have a lot of potential from this first album. If they can fulfill what they have promised, they may be the "superstars of the seventies."

Skyhooks
Ego Is Not a Dirty Word
Mercury SRM-1-1066

Skyhooks, a band from Melbourne, Australia, is the hottest band in that country. Their concerts in Australia are total sell-outs, with massive riot scenes.

Ego Is Not a Dirty Word, their world debut album, is actually a combination of their two Australian albums. Living in

the Seventies and **Ego Is Not a Dirty Word** had the combined sales equal to 23 gold records by November, 1975. Well, if this is what the Australians like in music, heaven help Australia.

If Crack the Sky is an honest band without a gimmick, then Skyhooks can be said to be more gimmick than music. They dress up in the most ridiculous costumes and makeup imaginable to give their audience the cliché impression that they are not of this world. The whole aura of their music reflects this gimmick. Unfortunately, no one told them that on this side of the world glitter and platforms are passé. Maybe it's 'cause Alice Cooper never did an Australian tour.

Their music, however, can sometimes be entertaining, even interesting, if one doesn't

take them seriously. Their sound is very much like Roxy Music and if you are into that sort of thing you probably wouldn't mind this album.

Their songs are definitely aimed at the younger high school set, alluding to such things as teenage love, parties, listening to the radio and other adolescent rituals. Even the back cover of the album has a fictional letter from a groupie who sent in one of her fingers to prove her love for the band.

Lead singer Graeme "Shirley" Stracha's voice is perhaps the most distinctive part in the band. It's not that he really sings, it is just that he squeaks. As for the rest of the musicians, the band is relatively tight but little else. Still, Skyhooks projects a lot of energy and if you are in the mood, they can be quite fun to listen to.

—Tim Pytko



These ads may be placed in the advertising office at the University Centre from 9 am to 5 pm. Ads received by noon appear the following day. Rates, 3 consecutive insertions: non-profit-making activities & individual students' announcements — \$3.00, maximum 20 words, 15 cents per extra word; all other — \$6.00, maximum 20 words, 30 cents per extra word [even if sponsored by non-profit-making organization].

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ENTERTAINMENT

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IT'S YOUR YEARBOOK TOO...

McGILL
ARTS & SCIENCE
UNDERGRADUATE SOCIETY

ELECTIONS

March 17, 1976

Nominations are hereby called for the following positions on the ASUS executive for the term, July 1, 1976—June 30, 1977.

PRESIDENT
TREASURER
SECRETARY
VICE-PRESIDENT, ARTS
VICE-PRESIDENT, SCIENCE
U3 REPRESENTATIVE

BY-ELECTIONS

Nominations are also called for the following positions on the ASUS executive for the term ending December 31, 1976.

U1 REPRESENTATIVE
U2 REPRESENTATIVE

Nominees for U3 rep must be currently in their penultimate year of undergraduate studies. Nominees for U1 or U2 rep must be currently in U1 or U2 respectively. Nominations for president must be signed by fifty members of the ASUS. Nominations for all other positions must be signed by twenty-five members of the ASUS.

All Nominations must be countersigned by the candidate, who must include his or her phone number. Nominations for class reps must be signed only by members of the candidate's class. As well, all members signing nomination papers are required to list their year & the degree they are pursuing beside their signature. Nominations must contain only the following words: "We, the undersigned members of the Arts & Science Undergraduate Society, nominate _____ for the position of _____". Candidates must submit nominations to the A.S.U.S. mailbox in the Students' Society Office by 4 pm. Friday, March 5th, 1976.

N.B. Candidates must submit photos & pensketches (up to 100 words, typed) at the ASUS mailbox no later than March 8, 5 o'clock. Candidates may withdraw from the election no later than 7 days in advance of the election date.

CRO
ROB LEWIS
670-6986

Good enough to eat

STUFFED PEPPERS

4 green peppers
1 large onion, chopped
2 stalks of celery, chopped
1 lb. of mushrooms, chopped
2 tbsp of oil
2 lb minced meat
1½ cups of cooked rice
½ cup of bread crumbs
salt and pepper to taste
tabasco sauce dashed
oregano sprinkled
2 cups of tomato sauce
1 28 oz. can of tomatoes

1) Cut off tops of peppers and hollow them out.
2) Sauté onions, celery, mushrooms in oil. Add meat and brown.
3) Add rice, bread crumbs, seasonings, and mix well.
4) Stuff peppers with mixture, place in a casserole dish, add tomatoes, tomato sauce, and bake at 350 for 1½ hours, basting occasionally.

—Julie Wexler



David takes a bow

Last Wednesday night 20,000 people in Montreal gathered to hear David Bowie, the superstar of the 70s. Amid the crowd of usual blue-jeaned rock fans was the occasional beglittered face, the immaculate makeup of the boys from the Limelight, and a few red-haired Bowie lookalikes—a fair representation of Bowie's varied audience.

In lieu of a back-up band, the audience was treated to a 1929 Salvadore Dali movie, *Un Chien d'Andalou*, with accompanying tango music. This classic black and white movie was an introduction to the coming spectacle.

Bowie came out on stage dressed in black pants and vest over a simple white shirt. The stage had no props other than klieg movie lights, follow-spots and regular stage lights. Like a 30's movie star he sang and danced using his face and body to express himself, not relying on elaborate props and bombardments of colour. This man does more with black and white than many could do with the

whole spectrum. The stage moved with the bright intensity of light and sound to Bowie rockers like *Suffragette City*, *Panic in Detroit*, *Life on Mars*. The lights were subdued, quiet for *Five Years* and a marvelous bluesy number called *Waiting for the Man*.

Bowie's new band was great when they played songs from the *Young Americans* and *Station to Station* albums but fell in my opinion on the older songs. The power of *Changes* and some of the early material was lost. The urgency had been altered by the disco treatment of these songs. The excitement of the song was revived by Bowie reaching down into the audience to touch hands with people in the front row. He likes to tease the audience and endanger himself, and it's obvious this has effect on the roadies who became jumpy immediately. One time in Philadelphia, Bowie's teasing backfired and he was almost hauled into the crowd. He lost two bracelets of great sentimental value, which

were later recovered and can be seen on the *Young Americans* cover.

There's been speculation about whether his change from Ziggy Stardust Space Cadet, to David Disco Bowie will hurt his career. Judging from his show and the applause of the audience afterwards I would say not. It was refreshing to hear a show that didn't plug the new album while turning its back on the old material. There was a fair mixture of old and new substantiating Bowie's claim that he's still the "King of Glitter Rock."

The man on stage on Wednesday was a far cry from David Jones, Brixton high school dropout. David had taught himself how to play saxophone and guitar while recovering from an eye injury and was ready to start his career in 1964 as one of the King Bees.

In 1967 Bowie took his leave from rock and roll to study mime and to perform with Lindsay Kemp. Kemp taught Bowie the basics of mime and choreography. It was during this period that the Bowie we know developed. He learned that acting out his songs adds another dimension to them, and that the androgynous dress and makeup that Kemp applies to him excites his audience.

Bowie desired to be more than a rock star; he wanted to be in movies and direct. The song "Space Oddity" was a product of Bowie's first film project *Love You till Tuesday*. In 1969, David met a dynamic 19-year-old American girl, his future wife, Angie. She provided the encouragement he needed to find the right mix of mime and music. By the close of '69 *Space Oddity* was doing well on the charts and it was time for a change of manager.

Tony Defries was the man to make D.B. a star. He sees himself as a second Colonel

Parker, Elvis Presley's miracle manager, and envisioned Bowie as the superstar of the 70s.

In 1971 Bowie met one of his idols, Andy Warhol. Through him David met the two girls who would introduce Bowiemania to New York and America. Cherry Vanilla and Lee Childers were to be Bowie's unpaid American P.R. people.

In 1972 Bowie released his first really theatrical album *Ziggy Stardust, The Spiders from Mars*. The album was the blueprint for a play Bowie wanted to produce. The play is about a rock and roll singer named Ziggy who is advised in a dream that the Infinities are coming. The Infinities are black-hole jumpers who travel by re-arranging their energy throughout the universe. Ziggy starts to believe that he is the news and finally is ripped to pieces by the arriving Infinities taking over his body.

Bowie moved to New York, ignoring Europe to live near his idols, Warhol and Lou Reed.

It was during one of his visits to Philadelphia that Bowie became interested in R&B. The product of his Philly recording sessions was *Young Americans* which introduced the new Bowie to the world.

Bowie went into a temporary retirement from music long enough to make a movie in New Mexico called *The Man who Fell to Earth*. Bowie's dreams of being a star in a movie have been fulfilled. He is now on a 34-date North American tour which he hopes will fund a media-production company to produce his own movies.

Besides writing music, plays and producing movies he still has time to produce and write for friends like Iggy Pop and Mott whom he helped start in their careers. David Bowie is a multi-talented whirlwind of energy, a true superstar of the Seventies.

—David Cooke

Visconti. . .

Continued from page five

politics and morality. Little did they realize it was an impossible balance." Stephano and Conrad come to blows, proving the Professor's observation, and breaking a valuable painting in the brawl.

Neither the '70's opportunist capitalist Stephano, nor the '60's student activist Conrad wins the fight. *Conversation Piece* is a restatement of the irreconcilability of socialism and capitalism but it does not presume to say which "wins". Visconti surely indicates which he favors.

Technically, the film is a masterpiece. Visconti follows a dimmed library scene with a blaze of mother and daughter completely dressed in white, and he does not film outside the house at all. Three flashback scenes are so unexpected and momentary that they mimic memory itself. Mozart arias and cheesy Italian pop music epitomize the moods of scenes.

Conversation Piece is the type of film from which a book could be written. Visconti's literary references abound as the Professor quotes his philosophy for seclusion. But as politically decisive as Visconti is, he is ambivalent as to whether or not the Professor would have been better off remaining an aesthete and theoretical anti-capitalist or actually reawakening and responding to these formerly "useless" people. Due to his involvement, the professor experiences love, grief, and vagaries of his emotions. To cynical Bianca, life is just disillusionment: "Grief is as precarious as everything else." However to the daughter, who has been the most undeceptive voice of the film, emotions are precarious and humans are unpredictable. But the memory of these emotions and the hope of future experiences make human involvements ultimately worthwhile.

—Pauline Finkelstein



The Weekly

CHEAP
'n'
GOOD

MA'S CHOICE



★ McGill Film Society 392-8934:

Mar 3 *Fantastic Planet* More scifi schlock, animated to boot. 20:00

Mar 5 *Le Petit Theatre de Jean Renoir* was his last film. It's a series of short pieces ranging from cockolds to vacuum cleaners. The "humanist" tradition has passed away. 19:00 & 21:30

★ Cinémathèque 844-8734:

Mar 4 (20:00), 5 (19:30 & 21:30) & (21:30) Four films in the exploration of the German Democratic Republic's film output.

Mar 9 Hollywood Cartoons, this week Fritz Freleng (*Bugs Bunny Rides Again*, *A Star Is Hatched*, etc.) & Frank Tashlin (*Plane Daffy*, *The Fox and the Grapes*, etc.) 19:30

★ S.G.W.U. 879-4349:

Mar 4 *Male and Female* de Mille's version was made almost sixty years before Wertmuller's, but it's still neat. 19:00

Mar 5 *Beau Geste* If you saw the version at McGill, you will also want to see this silent (1925) one with Ronald Coleman and Noah Beery. 19:00

I'm No Angel for all you Mae West freaks. How many members of the Mae West Fanclub are there at McGill? 21:00 (Also *She Done Him Wrong*, 15:00, Mar 6)

Mar 6 *Duck Soup* will live forever if only for the decomposition of American History in the last ten minutes. 21:00

Mar 7 *The Bride of Frankenstein* The James Whale films are absolute gems of moralizing horror. Should be seen. 21:00

Mar 8 *Muriel* Resnais keeps mysteriously doing it. 20:00

Mar 9 *Throne of Blood* is the best of all the screen versions of MacBeth. By Kurosawa, starring Toshiro Mifune. 20:00

Would you believe there's lots more too? Get a schedule, space does not...

★ Cinema V 489-5559:

Mar 3 *Nights of Cabiria* remember from last week? 18:45

The Hustler In spite of occasional weepiness, this is my favourite Newman vehicle. Jackie Gleason is a first-rate Minnesota Fats, and Rossen is the only director who can make films about obsessions without becoming boring. 21:45

Mar 4 *Cool Hand Luke* isn't bad either. 18:45

Les Biches Chabrol is the master of masterful French mystery movies. He gets a rise every time. 21:45

Mar 5 *McCabe & Mrs. Miller* Altman does the most fascinating sound and image textural montage around.

Whether it's worth seeing if you're neither academic nor stoned is another matter. 21:45 (also 6th & 7th)

Mar 7 *The Sound of Music* or *How to Destroy Fascism with the Power of Love and Music*. 15:15

Mar 8 *THX-1138* is almost worth it for the scenes with the runaway hologram who doesn't understand humans. 18:45 (also 10th)

The Chase Arthur Penn, Brando, Redford and Fonda (J. for Home-Douglas) manage to pull this one off. 19:15 (also 9th)

A Women Under the Influence The real world of horrors under Cassavetes' direction becomes almost too real to be seen. But go see it. 21:15 (also 9th, 10th)

The Music Lovers ranks high on my list of worst films I've ever seen.

Mar 9 *Viva La Muerte* Arrabel's sense of beauty and repulsion combine in a way that has to be seen, not read. 21:45

★ Cinema Outremont 277-4145:

Mar 3 *La Dame de Shanghai* If you don't know about the escape-window-amusement park-mirror sequences, you should. It's Welles pure and simple 19:00

Mar 5 Jim McBride makes neat films; like David Holzman's *Diary* (18:45) *My Girlfriend's Wedding* (20:30) & *Glen and Randa* (22:00). G.&R. Incidentally is one of the few original sci-fi films made since Méliès.

Mar 7 *Parade* is not what Tatli fans have come to expect. But it's the true Tatli: the great clown. 19:30

Mar 8 The doubleheader to end all doubleheaders: *Zéro de conduite* was almost the first, and still is the definitive film of childhood. It makes everything from 400 Blows to *Zazie* to If... adult and stilted. *L'Atalante*, as I said a while ago, was the most important single film in the stylistic transition from silent to sound. It's so fresh and undated and totally exhilarating. Both by Vigo. (18:45)

La grand illusion is Renoir's, and film's, most civilized film. An evening guaranteed to gladden the heart and raise the spirits.

★ McGill Eng. Dept.:

Mar 4 *Breathless* Godard's first feature really was a rush. Go see. 11:00, L26

Mar 5 *La Chinolse* also by Godard was not so much a rush, as a crash. 13:00 & 15:00, FDAA

Mar 9 *Rome, Open City* Tiptop neorealism. 11:00, L26

★ Flick: It seems that the Flick has died, or at least changed totally. Beware and Farewell.

The
Weekend

Centaur 1:

Full Circle, an adaptation of the drama by Erich Maria Remarque which takes place on the eve of the fall of Berlin in 1945. A joint production of Montreal Theatre Lab and Goethe-Institut Montreal. 453 St. Francois-Xavier, 288-1229.

Theatre du Rideau Vert:

Evangeline d'uesse, Antoinette Mallet's look at the plight of the Acadians who were deported to Louisiana in 1755. March 4 to April 17 at 8 pm, 4664 St. Denis, 844-1793.

Theatre du Nouveau Monde:

La Nef des sorcieres, The first all-women's show in Montreal, written by six authors including Marie-Claire Blaise. March 5 to 27, 84 St. Catherine W., 861-7488.

English Department:

Koriorane will begin on March 10. See article in today's Weekly.

MUSIC

Centaur 2:

Vive la musique! Performance by cellist Gisela Depkat (see interview this Weekly). Second in a series of three performances by acclaimed Canadian musicians. March 7 at 3 pm, 453 St. Francois-Xavier, 288-1229. Master class with Gisela Depkat at Concordia University, March 6, 2170 Bishop St., information 879-8450.

Golem Coffee house:

Bruce Murdoch, folk singer-songwriter, March 4, 6 and 7 at 9:30 pm, 3460 Stanley St., 845-9171.

EXHIBITS

Concordia Art Gallery:

Edwin Holgate, retrospective from the National Gallery from pre-world war 1 to the early '30's. Mon. to Fri. 11 am to 9 pm to March 15, 1455 de Maisonneuve W., 879-5917.

Waddington Gallery:

John Hoyland, new abstract paintings. Graphics by Hans Hunderdtwasser. To March 13, Tuesday to Saturday 9:30 am to 5:30 pm, 1456 Sherbrooke W., 844-5455.

Saldye Bronfman Centre:

Exposure: Ontario's contemporary photography show. 5170 Cote St. Catherine, 739-2301.

Marlborough-Godard:

Jean McEwen: new series of his paintings entitled *Les jardins d'aube*. 1490 Sherbrooke W., 931-5842.

letters

Prof's dismissal highly suspect

To the Daily:

This letter is directed towards you with the intention of making public certain aspects of a problem already widely privately discussed, especially in the Faculty of Arts. I refer to the termination of Professor Harold Sarf's contract, in his position as Assistant Professor in the Department of Political Science, which is deeply symptomatic of certain problems which plague this and other universities, and which are necessarily of concern to every student.

Without knowing all of the details concerning this termination, I see a number of questions which are not incidentally but fundamentally linked to Professor Sarf's case. As far as the material taught under the category of political theory, who determines what is or is not relevant to the subject, and on what grounds? If competency is at issue, what standards are being applied and from what mean—who as an "example of excellence" is being used for comparison here, and who is making the judgment? The claim that someone's work may be unscholarly leads me to wonder if scholarship *per se* is the crucial issue of the process of education—surely teaching and being taught should be provocative in a primary way, lest the deeper issues of society be lost amidst the rote memorization of the 'facts' and methodology of a particular discipline.

It seems to me that the standards of professorial activity being applied do not only obviate the potential for original and creative thinking, but that the decision being taken is made such that the students, who are most affected by the result, play no role in the consideration and are kept ignorant of the process involved. Professor Sarf's own teaching emphasizes the multidisciplinary and social public and denies the private, specialised, and elite nature of the pursuit of knowledge. His termination thus amply demonstrates problems centrally endemic to the structure and function of this university, which must be dealt with if education at this institution is to have any meaning beyond simply perpetuating the established norms, conventions, and even whims of a bygone age, which seemingly we must accept as iron-clad rules of conduct and action.

Gene Frampton

Torture of the Thousand Cuts

To the Daily:

The latest "news" is that Radio McGill has made arrangements with Bell Canada to install loudspeakers all over the campus to disseminate its program fare. It isn't clear whether these speakers go into the various lunchrooms or outside, or both. Incredible? Don't hold your breath.

What it means is that what remains of peace and quiet on this campus is about to be

shattered by the loud, screaming sexist inanities passed off as "music" by commercial recording companies on the make for a fast buck. The results of these cuts are already noise-polluting the Union to such an extent that I purposely avoid the place, preferring to eat in the relative tranquillity of the RVC cafeteria, which may also now be threatened. I refuse to be one of a captive audience subjected to this torment.

There are many students who have cause for concern, especially those who pack the Redpath and Pollack Halls to hear good music. On the outside campus, there are the squirrels and birds about to be driven mad. A spokessquirrel told me that his comrades will chew through any speaker cable we coat with peanut butter. Then there are area residents and laboratory workers. Since McGill is residentially zoned, a city bylaw prohibits the use of outdoor speaker installations, so there's another waste of \$S funds.

Perhaps it's all a big mistake. Surely the Administration wouldn't allow such a thing! Don't bet on it. There's hardly anything more effective to stifle conversation and thought (some of it potentially dangerous to the powers-that-be) than blaring loudspeakers. Sieg, heil!

Ernest Boucher

today

Women's Union:

Car Mechanics Course at 6:30 in Women's Union. Also meeting at 5 in Women's Union for all those interested in a weekend (13 March) in the country sponsored by us.

Gay McGill:

Important meeting tonight at 7:30 in Union 124. Business to include plans for Saturday's dance, organization of a Gay McGill contingent in Monday's International Women's Day demonstration, and discussion of gay representation on the Ville Marie Consumer's Council. The Gay McGill office and library are open today from 2 to 6:30 pm. Everybody welcome to drop by Union room B-41 or phone 392-8917.

Bible Study:

Don't miss the last of Dr. Paul Garnett's expositions on our Lord's "Sermon on the Mount." Join the McGill Christian Fellowship at 1 pm in the Newman Centre, 3484 Peel St. for a consideration of St. Matt. 7.

Graduate Photos:

The deadline for having your picture taken for Old McGill '76

is April 15. Photos may only be taken at Van Dyck and Meyers Studio, 1121 St. Catherine St. West. Information sheets are available at the union box office or at the photographer.

Old McGill Yearbook:

Now on sale at the Union Box Office, \$7.50 each. Further info available at Union.

McGill Concert Choir:

Directed by Wayne Riddel; works by Bach, Sweelinck, Handel, Poulenc, Byrd, Schutz, Berger, Rorem. Pollack Concert Hall 1 pm—free admission.

McGill School of Social Work: Seminar with Chief Inspector

Phillip Young, Acting Deputy Director Montreal Urban Community Police Department, "The Emerging Police Role in Urban Society" at 7:30 pm. McGill School of Social Work, Wilson Hall, 3506 University, Room 104.

History Students:

There will be a meeting of the McGill History Students Association at 3 pm today in L617. All interested students are urged to attend. We'd like to see some new faces.

Hellenic Students Association: General elections to be held at Union, Room 127, 5:30 pm.

HELLENIC STUDENTS ASSOCIATION

General elections of the association to be held today, Wednesday March 3, Union, Room 127, at 5:30 pm. Presence of everybody is absolutely necessary. Written nominations signed by two members should be submitted to Mr. Stamboliadis, F.D.A. Rm. 8A, tel. 392-5993 from now until the vote starts.

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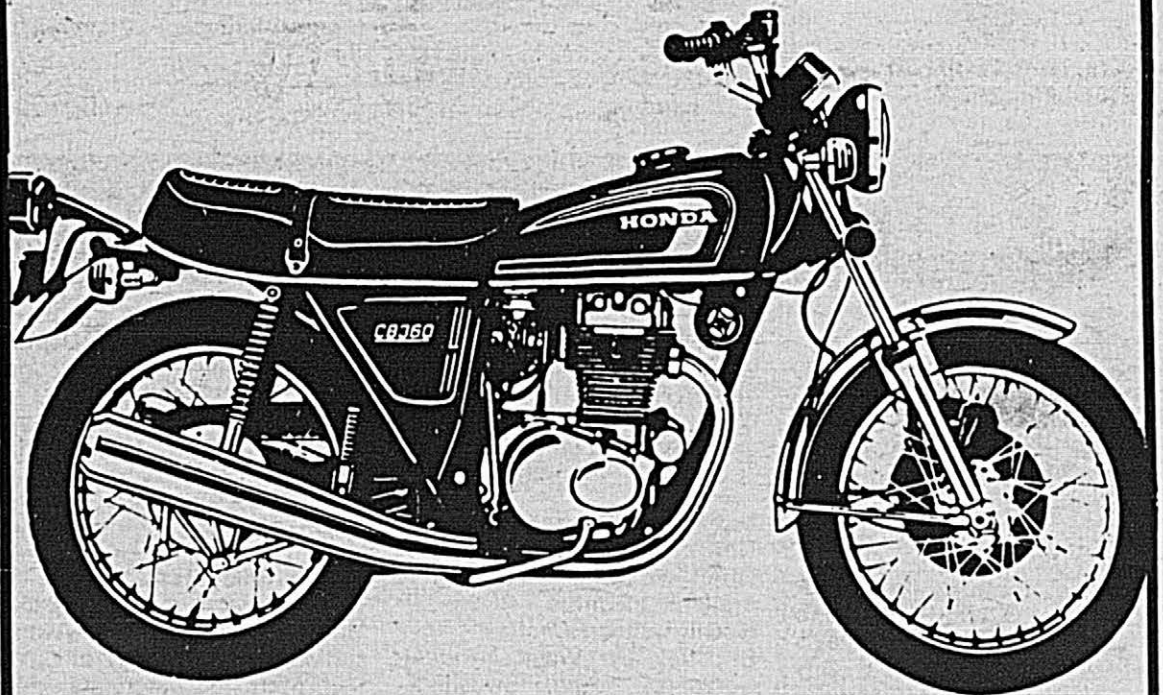
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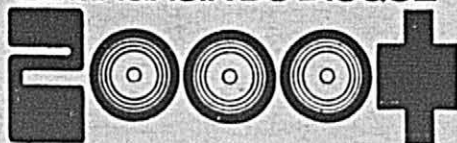
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